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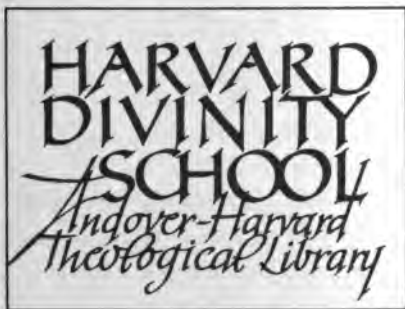
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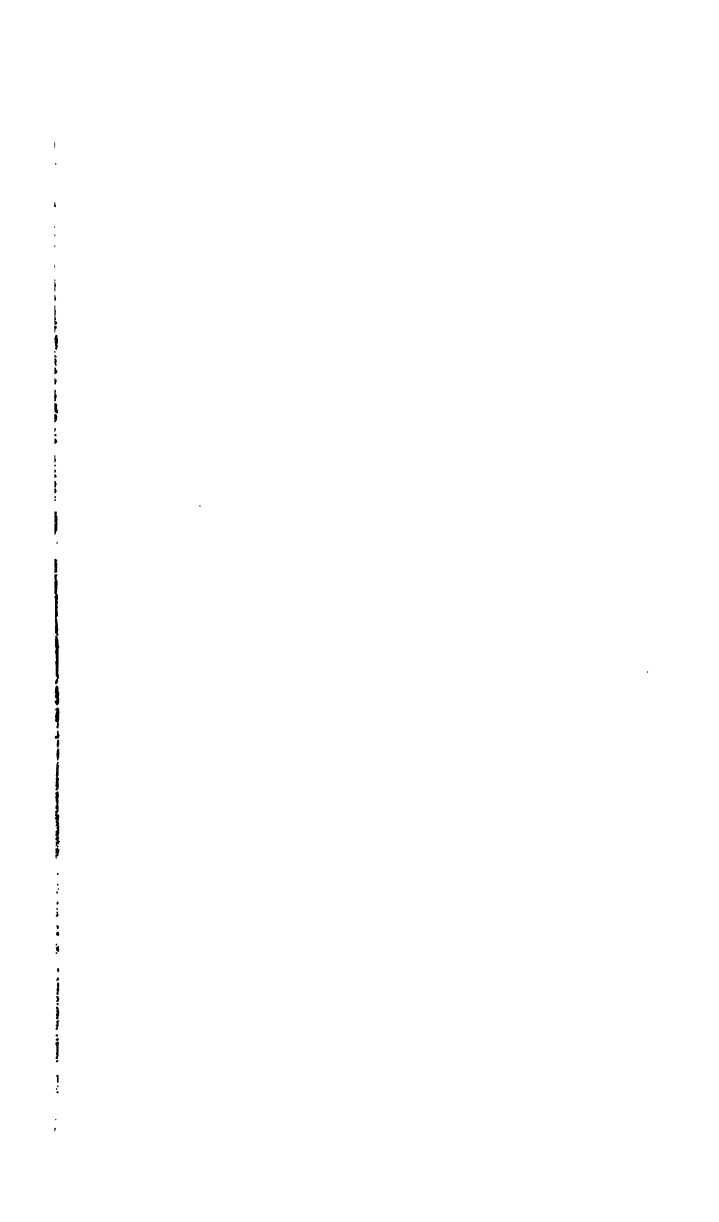
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HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

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Hymns and Anthems.

BOOK FIRST.

I.

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Oh, not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let us bound;
Nor think thee Lord alone of man,
While thousand worlds are round.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

II.

GLORY to God in the highest,
And peace on earth ;
Good will towards men.

III.

CREATOR-SPIRIT ! thou the first,
To be through time unending ;
Whose word was, " Light," and light ou
In myriad streams descending ;
O, fill our souls with light divine,
Till radiant in thy beams they shine,
With thine own essence blending !

IV.

LORD, thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is this day thine own
When men draw near their God :

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasur'd sky ;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity !



V.

God of the ocean, earth, and sky,
In thy bright presence we rejoice;
We feel thee, see thee, ever nigh,
And gladly hear thy gracious voice:

We feel thee in the sunny beam;
We see thee walk the mountain waves;
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves:

God, on the lonely hills we meet;
God, in the vale and fragrant grove;
While birds and whispering winds repeat
That God is there—the God of love.

VI.

O God! who mad'st earth, sea, and air,
And living creatures, free and fair,
Thy hallow'd praise is every where;
Hallelujah!

Yea, woods, and winds, and waves, convey
To the rapt ear a hymn, and say,
“God, who hath made us, we obey!”
Hallelujah!

VII.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted heavens, so full of state ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

VIII.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping:
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

IX.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine !”

X.

WONDROUS truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

Every where about us are they glowing :
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land !

XI.

THERE's life abroad ;—from each green tree
A busy murmur swells ;
The bee is up at early dawn
Stirring the cowslip-bells.
There's motion in the lightest leaf
That trembles on the stream ;
The insect scarce an instant rests
Light dancing in the beam.

There's life abroad ;—the silvery threads
That float about in air,
Where'er their wanton flight they take,
Proclaim that life is there.
And bubbles on the quiet lake,
And yonder music sweet,
And stirrings in the rustling leaves,
The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life ; and louder still
The spirit speaks within,
O'erpowering, with its strong, deep voice,
The world's incessant din :
There's life without ; and, better far,
Within there's life and power,
And liberty of heart and mind
To love, believe, adore.

XII.

GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

But man was form'd to rise to heaven,
And, bless'd with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

Greatest of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

XIII.

Not in the solitude

Alone may man commune with heaven ; or see
Only in savage wood

And sunny vale the present Deity ;
Or only hear his voice

Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold

Thy steps, Almighty !—here amidst the crowd
Through the great city roll'd,

With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes

From the round heaven, and on their dwelling
lies,

And lights their inner homes ;

For them thou fillest the air, the unbounded
skies,

And givest them the stores

Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,

Quickening the restless mass that sweeps
along ;

and this eternal sound,
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
like the surrounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

and when the hour of rest
Comes like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
flushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine :
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

XIV.

Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free !
Who blesseth her is blessed !
So peace be in her walls ;
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages, and halls.

XV.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
For he is gracious,
And his mercy endureth for ever !

XVI.

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

XVII.

GIVE thanks to God, the heavenly King,
Whose mercies still endure ;
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
Whose truth is ever sure.

XVIII.

THOU who, upon th' eternal throne,
Dost weigh the fates of all below,
And ever wear'st the radiant crown
Of worlds unnumber'd round thy brow :
Thy wisdom form'd the plan sublime
Of what man's future course shall be ;
The path didst shew which I must climb
To reach my final destiny.

Till then let power divine protect,
And heavenly peace my spirit cheer,
My footsteps here below direct,
Till I before thy face appear.
The present seed I now shall sow
To ripen for eternity,
O let it to perfection grow,
Then take thy pilgrim home to thee.

XIX.

To God on high be thanks and praise,
Who deigns our bonds to sever ;
His cares our drooping souls upraise,
And harm shall reach us never.
On him we rest with faith assured,
Of all that live the mighty Lord,
For ever and for ever !

XX.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

XXI.

O'ER silent field and lonely lawn
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn ;
At twilight's holy heartfelt hour,
In man his better soul hath power.
The passions are at peace within,
And still each stormy thought of sin—
The yielding bosom, overawed,
Breathes love to man and love to God.

XXII.

GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers ;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.

Blessed tears and dews that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven !
Let us still His praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

XXIII.

HOLY, holy, holy
Lord God of Hosts!
God Almighty!
Who wast, and who art, and art to come!

XXIV.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:

For the grandeur of thy nature —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power —
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow, —
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

Hallelujah! Amen

XXV.

PRAISE to thee, all holy God,
From the world, the race, thou rulest ;
From the green earth's dewy sod ;
From the wayward hearts thou schoolest—
Sometimes with a teaching stern,
Till thy saving truth they learn.

Teach us, glorious Being, still
In our hearts to feel thy glory !
Nature ever works thy will —
May we read her gentle story,
And, like her, obey the One,
Universal and alone !

XXVI.

THE Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state ;
Let those who for his favour seek,
In humble silence wait.

True prayer is not the imposing sound
That clamorous lips repeat ;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

XXVII.

CREATOR-SPIRIT, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night !
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerge from night,
Our frailty help, our vice control,
Thou Ruler of our secret soul !
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

XXVIII.

THEN round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
The heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crowned for ever sit,
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time !

XXIX.

MOONS, planets, suns, that swim the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high :
Their lasting lustre he has given
To all the moving host of heaven.

Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
And to primeval night return ;
Systems of worlds themselves decay —
To him the insects of a day.

But he remains ; and he shall give
The extinguished elements to live ;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And still extend the peopled whole.

XXX.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are always near his throne.

XXXI.

SHALL man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day,
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace;—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah, while I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence!

To thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide;
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past ;
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

XXXII.

SOURCE of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

XXXIII.


God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.



Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXXIV.

THOU, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

XXXV.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above ;
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That, copying thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls into thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

XXXVI.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine !

O Father ! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
 Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down ;
 Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
 Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !

XXXVII.

As when the deluge-waves were gone,
Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst ;
And nature's earliest rainbow shone
On scenes more lovely than the first ;

Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove
The promise-branch of olive bore,—
Pledge of returning peace and love,
That beamed more brightly than before ;—

So, when affliction's waters glide
From the enfranchised soul away,
More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,
The soul emerges into day.

And then, as with the olive-bough
The heavenly dove of old drew near,
Some gentle words of truth will flow
In holy music on the ear.

O'er all the transient things of time
The oblivious foot of years hath trod ;
But all that's sacred and sublime
Stands stedfast as the truth of God.

XXXVIII.

Out of the depths
Have I called unto thee, O Lord ;
Lord, hear my voice ;
Let thine ear be attentive
To the voice of my supplication.
If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity,
O Lord, who shall stand ?
But with thee is forgiveness,
That thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord,
My soul doth wait ;
And in his word do I hope.
I wait for the Lord
More than they who watch for the mornin

XXXIX.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

XL.

SING to the Lord! for his mercies are sure;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.
The wide-stretching earth with its beauties all
teeming,

3. Its mountains, its valleys, or lofty or fair;
The sun in his rising, the stars nightly gleaming,
The sea in its depths—still his wonders declare.

Sing to the Lord! for his mercies are sure;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.

Sing to the Lord! for his mercies are sure;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.
Though by oppression his people sore troubled,
May suffer in bondage, or languish for light;
His mighty right arm, with a power redoubled,
Can tyranny quell, and redeem for the right.

Sing to the Lord! for his mercies are sure;
His goodness and wisdom for ever endure.

XLI.

JEHOVAH-GOD! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean-deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

XLII.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face
Flows thy goodness unconfined ;
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
At thine altars when we bow ?—
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest ;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to shew our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

XLIII.

WHY should dreams so dark and dreary
Fill my thought?
Is there nought,
Nought to soothe the weary?

Is the sun in heaven no longer,
When the rain
Sweeps the plain?
Soon he blazes stronger.

Is the floweret's sleep eternal,
When its cup,
Folded up,
Waits the breezes vernal?

Why should man, then, child of sorrow,
Mourn his doom?
Present gloom
Will be light to-morrow.

Even here, all pain is fleeting;
Even here,
Joy and care
Join in constant greeting.

But where all our hopes are tending,
Peace and love
Reign above,
Bliss and joy unending.

XLIV.

O HUMAN heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

O human heart ! what deed of thine
Could gain a kingdom so divine ?
'Twas asked but this, in accents mild,
The gentle spirit of a child.

O human heart ! that singest still
Through chastening good, misreckoned ill ;
Thou mind'st Bethesda's fount to feel,
The angel troubles but to heal.

O human heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

XLV.

SAY not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed ;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and lov

Soar not on high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to ear
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its wor

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot wi
At home ! at home !
That word is placed, thy very heart within.

O ! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will ;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

XLVI.

WHAT conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
The mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

XLVII.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him whose power
Upholds the life He gave ;
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made ;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain-shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more ;
In wisdom lowly move.

e great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
Ye low ! your shame and fear :
ive, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your brotherhood revere.

XLVIII.

Joy there is, that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh or weep ;
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

Stern and awful are its tones
When the patriot-martyr groans,
And the death-pulse beating high
Rapture blends with agony.

Tenderer is the form it wears,
Touched with love, dissolved in tears,
When the meek their Saviour greet,
Bending at the mercy-seat.

Joy even here ! a budding flower,
Struggling with the storm and shower,
Till its season to expand,
Nurtured in its native land.

XLIX.

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine ;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

Oh ! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light !
Oh ! who like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe !

Oh ! who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before ;
So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
So glorious in humility !

The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

L.

WHEN the ear heard him, then it blessed him
And when the eye saw him, it gave witne
unto him.

LI.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands :
“ Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another’s pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger’s woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o’er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy’s melting eye
A brother in a foe.
Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.”

LII.

THE mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden-sepulchre ;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray,
For Him, the loved one buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low :
The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day :
Immortal Hope dispels the gloom !
An angel sits beside the tomb.

LIII.

HAPPY and blest are they who have endured ;
For though the body dies, the soul shall live for
ever.

LIV.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

LV.

GLORY to God, in full anthems of joy,
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy !
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to Heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

LVI.

BLEST are the departed,
Who in the Lord are sleeping,
From henceforth, for evermore.
They rest from their labours,
And their works do follow them.

LVII.

WE think and feel ; but will the dead
Awake to thought again ?
A voice of comfort answers us,
That God doth nought in vain.
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave ;
Nor will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave.

LVIII.

BEHOLD the western evening light —
It melts in deeper gloom ;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low,—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo ! above the dews of night
The vesper-star appears !
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore ;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

LIX.

BENEATH this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still ;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will :
 Moves one, move all :
 Hark to the footfall !
 On, on, for ever !

Yon sheaves were once but seed :
Will ripens into deed.
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams ;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
 On, on, for ever !

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train ;
They whisper, and go by ;
I never watch in vain :
 Moves one, move all :
 Hark to the footfall !
 On, on, for ever !

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed ;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave ;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time,
 On, on, for ever !

LX.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footsteps that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LXI.

A LITTLE child, in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water ;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child for knowledge sought,
In Israel's temple, of its sages ;
That child the world's religion brought,
And crushed the temples of past ages.

Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts to freedom still aspiring ;
If, nursed in superstition's chain,
The human mind be still inquiring,—

Then, let not priest or tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world commanding ;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing.

LXII.

THE sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
And calmly drained the fatal draught :
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught them how to live.

The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured :
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.

Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and just ;
From Calvary's mount, the Christ could see
The dawn of immortality.

Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
Power may oppress, and priestcraft ban ;
Justice and faith are God in man.

LXIII.

O LOVE ! thou makest all things even
In earth or heaven ;
Finding thy way through prison-bars
Up to the stars ;
Or, true to the Almighty plan,
That out of dust created man,
Thou lookest in a grave,—to see
Thine immortality !

LXIV.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will—
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill!

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath !

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

LXV.

As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast ;
There alone dwells solid rest.

That's a close immured tower,
Which can mock all hostile power ;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall ;
In a cleanly, sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.

The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it ; and may not man ?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

LXVI.

HOPE, though slow she be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.

Hope is comfort in distress ;
Hope is in misfortune bliss ;
Hope, in sorrow, is delight ;
Hope is day in darkest night.

Hope casts anchor upward, where
Storms durst never domineer ;
Trust ; and Hope will welcome thee
From storms to full security.

LXVII.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sweet and solemn sound :

“ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay ;
We come to give the yearly warning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid ;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

LXVIII.

HE who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely :
Flowers of peace beneath him grow ;
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
Memory's joys behind him go ;
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending :
Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep,—
Sleep that is o'erwatched by heaven.

LXIX.

THE glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate—
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

LXX.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

Peace! Love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what give
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth.
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make ear
All hallowed ground.

Hymns and Anthems.

BOOK SECOND.

LXXI.

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

LXXII.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

LXXIII.

O PRAISE the Lord, all ye his hosts;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.
Yea, blessed be the name of the Lord,
From this time forth, and for evermore.

LXXIV.

God is a spirit ; and they that worship him must
worship him in spirit and in truth :
For the Father seeketh such to worship him.

LXXV.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,

We are met to worship thee ;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee ;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see :

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

LXXVI.

How precious is thy goodness, O God!
The children of men seek refuge
Under the shadow of thy wings:
For thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou makest the outgoings of the evening
And the morning to rejoice;
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
Thy footsteps drop fruitfulness.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

With thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light we shall see light.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou healest the broken in heart,
And bindest up their wounds.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou wilt not give me up to the grave:
Thou wilt shew me the path of life.
For thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

I will hope continually:
I will yet praise thee more and more.
For thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

LXXVII.

IENT of ages! humbly bent before thee,
s of glad homage, Lord! to thee we bring:
ch'd by thy spirit, O teach us to adore thee,
God and Father! everlasting King!

Let thy light attend us;

Let thy grace befriend us!
ternal, unrivall'd, all-directing King!

l forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
ough the wide universe thy name be known;
ions of voices shall join in adorations—
to adore thee, Undivided One!

Every soul invited,

Every voice united—
nited to praise thee, Undivided One!

LXXVIII.

To thee, the Lord Almighty,

Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blesest all that live:

Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

LXXIX.

THE nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice from her heav'nly bower
Look down on mortal men.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;
Thou in thine everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

LXXX.

O ! I would sing a song of praise,
Natural as the breeze
That stirs amongst the forest-trees,
Whisp'ring ever,
Weary never,
Summer's prime or wintry days—
So should come my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Sweet as breathing flowers,
That ope to greet the earlier hours;
Never-ending
Incense sending
Up, to bless their parent rays—
So should wake my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Holy as the night,
When heaven comes to us in the light
Of stars, whose gleaming,
Influence streaming,
Draws us upward while we gaze—
So should rise my song of praise.

To thee, O God, a song of praise,
With breeze, and bloom, and star,
To thee, who made us what we are—
Blessed Spirit!
We inherit
All from thee; then let us raise
Songs of praise—immortal praise!

LXXXI.

I WILL sing to the Lord
As long as I live.
I will sing praise to my God
While I have my being.
O that my meditation
May be grateful unto him !

LXXXII.

PART in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light ;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

LXXXIII.

As flame ascends ;
urs to the earth in showers return ;
ois'd ocean towards th' attracting moon
and the ever-listening planets, charmed
un's call, their onward pace incline :
ings which have life aspire to God,
of souls ! Nor doth the mastering voice
re cease within to prompt aright
eps ; nor is the care of Heaven withheld
nding to the toil external aid ;
their stations, all may persevere
o the ascent of being, and approach
nearer to the LIFE DIVINE.

LXXXIV.

O THAT I had wings like a dove !
Then would I flee away, and be at :
As for me, I will call upon God,
And he will save me.
Evening, and morning, and at noon,
Will I pray and cry aloud ;
And he will hear my voice.

LXXXV.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me :
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee !

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee !

LXXXVI.

AROUSE thee, soul !
Be, what thou surely art,
An emanation from the Deity—
A flutter of that heart
Which fills all nature, sea, and earth, and
Arouse thee, soul !

Arouse thee, soul !
And let the body do
Some worthy deed for human happiness,
To join, when life is through,
Unto thy name, that angels both may bless
Arouse thee, soul !

Arouse thee, soul !
Leave nothings of the earth ;
And if the body be not strong to dare,
To blessed thoughts give birth,
High as yon heaven, pure as heaven's air :
Arouse thee, soul !

LXXXVII.

ING or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

Oh, what is life ?

A toil, a strife,

ere it not lighted by thy love divine.

I ask not wealth,

I crave not health—

ing or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

Oh, what is death ?

When the poor breath

parting can the soul to thee resign ;

While patient love

Her trust doth prove—

ing or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

Throughout my days,

Be constant praise

lift to thee from out this heart of mine :

So shall I be

Brought nearer thee—

ing or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

LXXXVIII.

FATHER of all ! to thee we pray,
By night, in secret, insecure ;
But the darkness is like day,
If the heart within be pure.
What they do thou dost permit—
We endure, and pardon it.
As glows through smoke the bursting light,
Bid faith thus strengthen, day by day ;
And then, though dimmed each ancient rite,
Oh, who thy light can take away ?

LXXXIX.

O God, the Lord of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently ;
Brightening with beams the opening prime,
And glowing in the mid-day sky :

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls thy peace impart.

XC.

DARK the faith of days of yore,
“ And at evening evermore
Did the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant to thee,
Miserere, Domine !”

Bright the faith of coming days,
And when dawn the kindling rays
Of heaven’s golden lamp ascending,
Happy hearts and voices blending,
Joyful anthems chant to thee,
Te laudamus, Domine !

Night’s sad “ cadence dies away
On the yellow, moonlight sea ;
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere, Domine !”

Morn’s glad chorus swells away
On the azure, sunlight sea ;
The boatmen ply their oars, and say,
Te laudamus, Domine !

•

XCI.

As once, upon Athenian ground,
Shrines, statues, temples, all around,
The man of Tarsus trod,—
Midst idol-altars, one he saw
That filled his breast with sacred awe :
’Twas — “ To the unknown God.”

Age after age has rolled away,
Altars and thrones have felt decay,
Sages and saints have risen ;
And, like a giant roused from sleep,
Man has explored the pathless deep,
And lightnings snatched from heaven.

Yet still, where’er presumptuous man
His Maker’s essence strives to scan,
And lifts his feeble hands,
Though saint and sage their powers unite
To fathom that abyss of light,
Ah ! still *that altar* stands.

XCII.

“MAKE us a god,” said man :
Power first the voice obeyed ;
And soon a monstrous form
Its worshippers dismayed ;
Mouth and huge, by nations rude adored,
With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

“ Make us a god,” said man :
Art next the voice obeyed ;
Lovely, serene, and grand,
Uprose the Athenian maid ;
The perfect statue, Greece, with wreathed brows,
Flores in festal rites and lyric vows.

“ Make us a god,” said man :
Religion followed Art,
And answered, “ Look within ;
God is in thine own heart—
His noblest image there, and holiest shrine,
Lent revere—and be thyself divine.”

XCIII.

WHETHER men reap or sow the fields,
Her admonitions Nature yields ;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give ;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart :
So shall the seventh be truly blest
From morn till eve with hallowed rest.

XCIV.

WHILE I do rest, my soul advance,
Let me sleep a holy trance,
That I may take my rest being wrought
Awake into some holy thought ;
And with as cheerful vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death : O let me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die !
And down as gently lay my head
On my grave, as on my bed—
Howe'er I rest, great God ! let me
Awake again, at last, with thee !

XCV.

O God, unchangeable and true,
Of all the life and power,
Dispensing light and silence through
Every successive hour :
Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

XCVI.

O MAKE our hearts, blest God, thy dwelling-place ;
And in our breast
Be pleased to rest,
For thou such temples lovest best ;
And cause that sin
May not profane the Deity within,
And sully o'er the ornaments of grace.

XCVII.

LORD, let the flames of holy Charity,
And all her gifts and graces, slide
Into our hearts, and there abide ;
That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it unto the element of love—
Even unto thee, dear Spirit—
And there eternal peace and rest inherit.

Amen.

XCVIII.

O GOD, thou art our home, to whom we fly ;
And so hast always been from age to age,
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage.
One God thou wert, and art, and still shalt be:
The line of time, it doth not measure thee !

Both death and life obey thy holy lore,
And visit in their turns as they are sent ;
A thousand years with thee, they are no more
Than yesterday, which, ere it is, is spent :
Or, like a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes and comes, unwares to them that sleep.

Thou carriest man away as with a tide ;
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted
high ;
Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye ;
Or as the grass that cannot term obtain
To see the summer come about again.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;

For that which guides man best in all his ways,
Is meditation of mortality.
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

XCIX.

DEFEND the poor and desolate ;
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

Regard the weak and fatherless ;
Despatch the poor man's cause ;
And raise the man in deep distress,
By just and equal laws.

Rise, God ! judge thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress ;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

C.

WE trust the living Word.
He spake of Providence above,
Of boundless power and ceaseless love,
Caring for man, and beast, and bird—
We trust the living Word!

We trust mute Nature's sign.
Returning days, returning springs,
All lovely and returning things,
Point to a Providence divine—
We trust mute Nature's sign.

We trust the heart of man.
In the deep workings of the mind,
The law and love of God we find,
And providential order scan—
We trust the heart of man.

We trust in God the Lord!
In man's warm heart his spirit glows:
His spirit Nature's meaning shews—
His spirit spake by Christ the Word—
We trust the living Lord!

CI.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

O ! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

CII.

THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort ! thou art not alone,
While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

Would'st thou a temple ? look above,
The heavens stretch over all in love :
A book ? for thine evangile scan
The wondrous history of man.

The holy band of saints renowned
Embrace thee, brother-like, around ;
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
In hymns immortal to the skies.

And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred ;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

CIII.

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts : who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his sta
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :
They also serve who only stand and wait.

CIV.

I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl ;
The slave who dares not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky
Of beauty hath a share ;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—
I pity, and I mourn ;
But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
And, O ! I dare not scorn.

CV.

THE little fountain flows
So noiseless through the wood ;
The wanderer tastes repose,
And from the silent flood
Learns meekly to do good.

CVI.

THE earth is thine, and it thou keepest,
That man may labour not in vain ;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
The early and the latter rain !

The earth is thine—the summer earth,
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright ;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing-birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree ;
When from the north the fierce winds blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow—
The earth pertaineth still to thee !

The earth is thine—thy creature, man !
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine ;
Darkness and light, and life and death,
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator ! Father ! all are thine !

CVII.

THE Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,

leadeth me beside the still waters ;
 He restoreth my soul.
leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
 For his name's sake.
 , though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil ;
 For thou art with me—
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
thou preparest a table before me,
in the presence of mine enemies ;
thou anointest my head with oil ;
 My cup runneth over.
thy goodness and mercy have followed me all
 my days,
I will dwell in the house of the Lord for
 ever.

CVIII.

IN peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep ;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie ;
As in a rocky cell,
O Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

CIX.

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and wither-
ing flowers,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial showers;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam;
As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream;
Thus to man's grateful soul from heaven descend
The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend.

CX.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear, and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;

Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason ;
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness—
Man himself is all a seed ;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

CXI.

How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt !
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven ;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

CXII.

IN the plan divine
All for good combine,
Contrarious seasons one kind will obey :
It was a summer bright
When creation's light
First dawned on chaos and made Eden gay ;
“ It was the winter wild
When the heaven-born Child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lay.”

CXIII.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure ;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

CXIV.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine ;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

So, saith the God of grace,
Shall truth from heaven descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

CXV.

O HALLOWED memories of the past,
Ye legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.

In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease,
While stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

For hearts the beautiful that feel,
Whose pulse of love beats strong,
The opening heavens new light reveal,
Glory to God, their song.

While bursts confession forth,
That, since the world began,
No miracle on earth
E'er match'd the heart of man.

And while from out our dying dust
Light more than life doth stream,
We bless the faith that bids us trust
The heaven that we dream.

In death there is no fear,
There's radiance through the gloom,
While love and hope are here,
The angels of the tomb.

Then, hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.
In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease ;
The stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

CXVI.

LIGHT, light in darkness; the daylight dawns,
raising the soul to the hope of glory. Truth
comes to mortals, brighter than sunshine. Man
is advancing, led by the Most High, to endless
ages of joy, and blessing infinite.

CXVII.

ONCE in the busy streets
Did Wisdom cry aloud ;
And then she perished, mid the scoffs
Of the misguided crowd.

Once in the quiet grove
Did Wisdom's accents charm ;
And then she perished by the blows
Of Conquest's iron arm.

In Palestine and Greece,
Thus Wisdom's voice was hushed ;
Yet Echo oft the sound renewed,
Though Wisdom's sons were crushed.

But ever, in the skies,
In earth, and sea, and air,
Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
And none can crush her there.

Systems and teachers change,
They flourish and decay ;
But ne'er from Nature's truth and love
Shall Wisdom pass away.

CXVIII.

WHEN mild winds shake the elder-brake,
Then the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow :
Wisdom, justice, love, and peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd-boys—a prophecy.

CXIX.

LIFE may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope can vanish, but can die not ;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
Love repulsed—but it returneth.

Yet were life a charnel, where
Hope lay confined with Despair,
Truth and Love a sacred lie,—
Were it not for Liberty ;

Lending life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

CXX.

AN offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling ;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honour those
Who bade the world go free !
Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are !
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far :
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free !

CXXI.

PRAISE to the heroes
Who struck for the right,
When freedom and truth
Were defended in fight :
Of blood-shedding hirelings
The deeds are abhorred,
But the patriot smites
With the sword of the Lord.

Praise to the martyrs
Who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down
At the bidding of might :
Their ashes were cast
All abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings
They won for mankind.

Praise to the sages,
The teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness
Said, " Let there be light."
The sophist may gain
The renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory,
While knowledge is power.

Heroes, martyrs, and sages,
True prophets of right !
They foresaw, and they made
Man's futurity bright.
Their fame would ascend,
Though the world sunk in flames :
Be their spirit on all
Who sing praise to their names !

CXXII.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died ;
But shew me on thy flowery breast,
Earth ! where thy *nameless* martyrs rest !
The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days ;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.
Where sleep they ? Woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves ;
Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair —
They sleep in secret ; but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God !

CXXIII.

BRITAIN's first poet,
Famous old Chaucer,
Swan-like, in dying
Sung his last song,
When at his heart-strings
Death's hand was strong.

“ From false crowds flying,
Dwell with soothfastness ;
Prize more than treasure
Hearts true and brave ;
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

“ Trust not to fortune ;
Be not o’er meddling ;
Thankful receive thou
Good which God gave ;
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

“ Earth is a desert,
Thou art a pilgrim :
Led by thy spirit,
Grace from God crave ;
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.”

Dead through long ages
Britain’s first poet —
Still the monition
Sounds from his grave,
“ Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.”

CXXIV.

O PLEASANT life !

Whene'er the soul can win her way
From out the world's dark strife,
And fly to depths fair-haunted
By spirits who have panted
To quit earth's shadows for immortal day—
O pleasant life !

O happy breast !

Nor care of courts, nor pride of birth,
Can ruffle thy smooth rest ;
No scene of gilded riot
Disturbs thy star-lit quiet,
Nor dims thy dream of heaven with mists of earth—
O happy breast !

O blessed soul !

What care hast thou that flatt'ring Fame
Thy daily acts enrol ?
No breath of hers it tasketh,
Thy life-long deed but asketh
One smile of Truth to light thy passing name—
O blessed soul !

CXXV.

It surely is a wasted heart—
It is a wasted mind—
That seeks not in the inner world
Its happiness to find:

For happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest,
And finds beneath its folded wings
Life's dearest and its best.

CXXVI.

BEHOLD how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity:
It is like precious perfume upon the head,
That fell down unto the beard—
The beard of Aaron—
To the very border of his garment:
It is like the dew of Hermon,
And the dew that descended on the mountains
of Zion;
For there the Lord commanded his blessing,
Even life for evermore.

CXXVII.

THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again ;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed ;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,—
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears,—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no ! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay ;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

CXXVIII.

Nor for false and fleeting joys,
Pleasure that while tasted cloy ;
Nor for self-inflicted pain
Borne to purchase heavenly gain,
Did God make man :

But for wisdom, happiness,
Blessed life, and life to bless—
Love, the soul of deity,
And progress through eternity,
Did God make man :

For cultured earth and conquered wave,
Fancy bright, and science grave,
Mind and heart with blending powers,
Building more than Eden's bowers,
Did God make man :

And for mutual love and aid,
Never weary nor dismayed,
Strength renewing, as we rise
Upward to unchanging skies,
Did God make man.

CXXIX.

THE fair varieties of earth,
The heavens serene and blue above,
The rippling smile of mighty seas—
What is the charm of all, but love ?

By love they minister to thought,
Love makes them breathe the poet's song ;
When their Creator best is praised,
'Tis love inspires th' adoring throng.

Knowledge, and power, and will supreme,
Are but celestial tyranny,
Till they are consecrate by love,
The essence of divinity.

For love is strength, and faith, and hope ;
It crowns with bliss our mortal state ;
And, glancing far beyond the grave,
Foresees a life of endless date.

That life is love ; and all of life
Time or eternity can prove ;
Both men and angels, worms and gods,
Exist in universal love.

CXXX.

THEY sin who tell us love can die ;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the haunts of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;

But love is indestructible —
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

CXXXI.

MORE sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers
wherein they rest.

CXXXII.

SMILES on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a beam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
Approaching comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

CXXXIII.

THE presence of perpetual change
Is ever on the earth ;
To-day is only as the soil
That gives to-morrow birth.

Where stood the tower, there grows the weed ;
Where stood the weed, the tower ;
No present hour its likeness leaves
To any future hour.

Of each imperial city, built
Far on the eastern plains,
A desert waste of tomb and sand
Is all that now remains.

Our own fair city, filled with life,
May have some future day,
When power, and might, and majesty,
Will all have passed away.

But in all changes, brighter things
And better have their birth ;
The presence of perpetual love
Is ever on the earth.

CXXXIV.

Go and watch the autumn leaves
Which the winds are strewing ;
Say you that the summer grieves
O'er her joys' undoing ?
Not so ;
She doth know
Their fall will make her stronger grow,
Richer prime renewing.

Hopes that bloom to pass away,
Pleasures scattered lying,—
Shall we, mourning o'er decay,
Waste the hours in sighing ?
Not so ;
Well we know
They fade, that better joys may grow
For a life undying.

CXXXV.

THE tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling ;
And outward weal and woe have been
Still blended in this checkered scene,
And evermore will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
Along the stream our spirits glide,
Feeling the changes of the tide,
Which ever felt by us must be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
And sympathy like change will keep,
And sometimes smile, and sometimes weep;
And smiles and tears will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
But still the heavens are blue above,
And o'er our hearts the heaven of love
Makes peace and trust unchanging be,
And time become eternity.

CXXXVI.

DARKNESS shrouded Calvary,
An earthquake rent the Temple's veil;
Human grief and human fear
Uttered mournful wail :
There came a voice like light athwart the skie
“ To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise.”

Darkness shrouds humanity
When death doth sunder heart from hear
Human love and human hope
Cannot bear to part :
Again that voice is heard athwart the skies,
“ To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise.”

CXXXVII.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness ;
Christians fled in fear and sadness ;
Mary stood the cross beside :

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified :

But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story —
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers, like transgression,
Christ again is crucified :

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

CXXXVIII.

FAIR lilies of Jerusalem,

Ye wear the same array

As when imperial Judah's stem

Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide

As bright ye blossom on

As when your simple charms outvied

The pride of Solomon.

Ye flourished when the captive band,

By prophets warned in vain,

Were led to far Euphrates' strand,

From Jordan's pleasant plain ;

In hostile lands to weep and dream

Of things that still were free,

And sigh to see your golden gleam,

Sweet flowers of Galilee !

Ye have survived Judea's throne,

Her temple's overthrow,

And seen proud Salem sitting lone,

A widow in her woe.

But, lilies of Jerusalem,

Through every change ye shine ;

Your golden urns unfading gem

The fields of Palestine !

CXXXIX.

SPRING, summer, autumn, winter,
Come duly as of old ;
Winds blow, suns set, and morning saith,
“ Ye hills, put on your gold.”

The song of Homer liveth,
Dead Solon is not dead ;
Thy splendid name, Pythagoras,
O'er realms of suns is spread.

But Babylon and Memphis
Are letters traced in dust :
Read them, earth's tyrants ! ponder well
The might in which ye trust !

They rose, while all the depths of guilt
Their vain creators sounded ;
They fell, because on fraud and force
Their corner-stones were founded.

Truth, mercy, knowledge, justice,
Are powers that ever stand ;
They build their temples in the soul,
And work with God's right hand.

CXL.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die !

Sweet rose ! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die !

Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
For thou must die !

Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It cannot die.

CXLI.

THE wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear ;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes
Are vanished far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
Shall bless the new-born day.

'Tis but a sleep—and power divine
Shall call the many dead ;
'Tis but a sleep—and then we sing
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes ! wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear ;
And Nature has her types to shew
Throughout the varying year.

CXLII.

As Ocean rolls its billows to the shore,
The distant waves impelling those before ;
As leaves luxuriant, which the woods supply,
In summer flourish, and in autumn die ;
So generations pass : at Nature's call
They rise successive, and successive fall.

CXLIII.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer-cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
“ Sweet is the scene when virtue dies !”

CXLIV.

ANOTHER year is swallowed by the sea
Of sunless waves !

Another year, thou past Eternity !
Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet—to bid the living weep,
Where tears are vain ;
While they, unswept into the ruthless deep,
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

Why are we spared ? Surely to wear away,
By useful deeds,
Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray,
Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not :
Thoughts whose green youth
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforgot ;
And words, whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
Things of to-day ?
Deeds which are harvest for eternity,
Ye cannot pass away !

CXLV.

CALL them from the dead
For our eyes to see ;
Prophet-bards, whose awful word
Shook the earth, " Thus saith the Lord,"
And made the idols flee —
A glorious company !

Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see :
Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
Giving earth her richest dower,
And making nations free —
A glorious company !

Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see :
Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
" Sunshine in the shady place,"
That made it life to be —
A blessed company !

Call them from the dead —
Vain the call will be ;
But the hand of Death shall lay,
Like that of Christ, its healing clay
On eyes which then shall see
That glorious company !

CXLVI.

I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.
It is but for a time : I press God's lamp
Close to my breast ; its splendours soon or late
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge some day.

CXLVII.

ART thou not from everlasting to everlasting ?
O God ! mine Holy One !
WE SHALL NOT DIE.

CXLVIII.

DEATH is the shadow of life ; and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So, in the light of great eternity,
Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But Love shall reign for ever over all.

CXLIX.

THE cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

CL.

To our high-raisèd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires ;
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise,
As once we did ——
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing, in endless morn of
light.

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